I will most willingly attend your Ladyship.
Marc. Lucius I will.
Titus, How now *Lauinia*, *Marcus* what meanes this?
Some booke there is that she desires to see:
Which is it girle of these? open them boy,
But thou art deeper read and better skild,
Come and take choyse of all my Library,
And so beguile thy sorrow, till the heauens
Reueale the damb'd contriuer of this deede.
Why lifts she vp her armes in sequence thus?
Marc. I thinke she meanes that there was more then one
Confederate in the fact, I more there was:
Or else to heauen she heaues them for reuenge.
Titus. Lucius what booke is that she tosseth so?
Puer. Grandsier tis Ouids Metamorphosis,
My mother gaue it me.
Marc. For loue of her thats gone,
Perhaps she culd it from among the rest.
Titus. Soft, so busily she turnes the leaues,
Helpe her, what would she finde? *Lauinia* shall I read?
This is the tragicke tale of *Philomel*,
And treates of *Tereus* treason and his rape,
And rape I feare was roote of thine annoy.
Marc. See brother see note how she quotes the leaues.
Titus. Lauinia, wert thou thus surpriz'd sweet girle,
Rauisht and wrongd as *Philomela* was,
Forcd in the ruthlesse, vast, and gloomy woods?
See, see, I such a place there is where we did hunt,
(O had we neuer, neuer hunted there)
Patternd by that the Poet heere describes,
By nature made for murthers and for rapes.
Marc. O why should nature build so foule a den,
Vnlesse the Gods delight in tragedies?
Tit. Giue signes sweet girle for heere are none but friends.

What

g damn'd

What Romane Lord it was durst do the deede?
Or slonke not *Saturnine*, as *Tarquin* erst,
That left the Campe to sinne in *Lucrece* bed.
Marc. Sit downe sweet Neece, brother sit downe by me,
Appollo, Pallas, Ioue, or *Mercury*,
Inspire me that I may this treason finde.
My Lord looke heere, looke heere *Lauinia*.

He writes his Name with his staffe, and guides it with feete and mouth.

This sandie plot is plaine, guide if thou canst
This after me, I haue writ my name,
Without the helpe of any hand at all.
Curst be that hart that forst vs to this shift:
Write thou good Neece, and heere display at last,
What God will haue discouered for reuenge,
Heauen guide thy pen to print thy sorrowes plaine,
That we may know the traytors and the truth.

She takes the staffe in her mouth, and guides it with her stumpes, and writes.

Titus. Oh doe ye read my Lord what she hath writ,
Stuprum, Chiron, Demetrius.
Marc. What, what, the lustfull sonnes of *Tamora*,
Performers of this hainous bloody deede?
Titus. Magni Dominator poli,
Tam lentus audis scelera, tam lentus vides?
Marc. Oh calme thee gentle Lord, although I know
There is enough written vpon this earth,
To stirre a mutenie in the mildest thoughts,
And arme the mindes of infants to exclaimes.
My Lord kneele downe with me, *Lauinia* kneele,

And